

SECRET

5 July 1961

DEBRIEFING OF REDKIN TRAVELER AECASSONARY/39

TABLE OF CONTENTS

I. ANNEX I.	1-29
Operational Diary	
II. ANNEX II.	30-33
Biographical Information	
III. ANNEX III.	OMITTED
Positive Intelligence--Omitted for Lack of Substance	
IV. ANNEX IV.	OMITTED
Public Opinion--Omitted (Included in ANNEX I)	
V. COMMENTS OF THE BRIEFER.	34-35

DECLASSIFIED AND RELEASED BY
CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY
SOURCE METHOD EXEMPTION 3B2B
NAZI WAR CRIMES DISCLOSURE ACT
DATE 2007

SECRET

SECRET

DEBRIEFING OF TRAVELER ASSASSINARY/39

ANNEX I

Operational Diary

My trip to the Soviet Union and Poland lasted from 26 May to 9 June 1961. It was arranged by Mapintour Associates, 409 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York. The itinerary included Warsaw and Wrocław in Poland and Moscow, Kiev, and Lwow in the Soviet Union. The Pan American plane took off from Idlewild Airport at 1930 hours, Friday, 26 May 1961. In Boston Dr. Howard Thompson and his wife, 43 Allerton Road, Brookline, boarded the plane. They were the only passengers with whom I had any conversation. Dr. Thompson, a physician, was interested in stamps, and I promised to send him a post card with a new stamp from Moscow, which I did.

27 May 1961, Saturday

The plane landed in London at 0800 hours. After a few hours of waiting, I boarded the BEA plane for Warsaw. Most of the passengers were Poles. I did not engage in conversation except for casual remarks. At 1400 hours we landed at Mokotow Airport. The stewardess brought the passengers to the passport bureau, where each passenger approached the check window and presented his passport. At the second window customs forms were handed to passengers to fill in. At the third window, around the corner, the passports were returned and certificates of customs control were given back to the passengers. Luggage was checked superficially. This procedure lasted about an hour. I waited in the waiting room and a little later checked my luggage for the Wrocław plane, which was scheduled to take off at 1630 hours. Then I went into the street. In front of the airport I had a talk with some taxi drivers who asked me how life was in America, how much money people made, and so forth. I said that I was visiting my brother who lived near Wrocław.

SECRET

SECRET

-2-

The plane to Wrocław left at 1700 hours. It was a small two-engine plane. I started a conversation with a man who said he was a tailor in Wrocław. He complained about high taxes and said he made enough money to buy a car. However, he would not buy one because "they" would ask him where the money came from, and he would have to pay high taxes as a consequence. So it was better to spend all his money for better living. He talked about the war, about the Germans, who murdered his family, about his service in the Soviet Army, and about his son who was in high school. He asked me if his son had a chance to go to America.

We arrived in Wrocław at 1900 hours and went to town by bus. The tailor directed us to the Orle Hotel, where I showed an employee my voucher and passport. I was given a nice room (the number of which I do not remember). While I was checking in, another man was standing nearby listening. He was a tall boy who showed me to my room. While leading me to the room, he asked me, "Are you the Mr. Holowaty who owned a leather store in Zamyski?" He spoke Polish with an accent. I answered that I spoke such a store with my brother. He smiled and asked me how I happened to speak such good Polish. I answered that I had had a chance to speak and to learn Polish in school before the war and added, "But it is interesting that you don't speak Polish well." He did not answer, but I felt that the authorities knew everything about me. I did not know the man and had never seen him in my life. It was difficult for me to believe that the tall boy knew about me from his own experience, and I am convinced that he had simply been rash and stupid in conveying the information to me.

I took a bath in my room and went down to the lobby. I asked the hotel employee whether it was possible to get a card to Gorn Blaski, where I wanted to visit my brother. The employee replied that I could not go to Gorn Blaski because I had to report my arrival to the militia, and the law required that I report immediately after arrival. I then asked if I could go to the militia but was told it was after hours at the militia and nobody would be able to take my report. I asked whether such a thing was possible, to which the employee replied, "It was not just (It is like that here)." He advised me to stay in Wrocław and visit some places. The next day (Sunday) he said the militia would not be working either. When I insisted that he should give me some kind of certificate stating that

SECRET

SECRET

-3-

I was not able to report to the militia, he gave me a piece of paper on which he scribbled something with no meaning nor authority. I decided not to go to Gerni Elaska that night but to stay in the hotel instead. It looked to me as though I was being provoked in order to provide an excuse for apprehending me because I had not reported to the militia.

I went to the restaurant in the hotel, and in a while a young couple was brought to my table by the waiter. They introduced themselves as Dr. Stefan Eglienski and his wife (Warner, born 6/14, Apartment 56, telephone No. 30-42-57). Both were physicians in Warsaw (see Annex II and IV). During the conversation I complained that I was not being given a chance to see my brother who lived in the vicinity of Wroclaw, as I had not been able to report to the militia. The physician said that there were two categories of people in Poland: people and lawyers (pathologists). "You must talk to the people," he said. He went with me to the Gorka bureau, where they told us that I was free to go wherever I wished. But I could not get a taxi. I was not very adamant, for I was told that when it rained (and it had started to rain), the police did not fly from Wroclaw to Warsaw. It was suggested to rain on Monday morning. The doctor said that it would be better if I went to Warsaw by train the next day. He left the restaurant at 2200 hours and went for a drink. Afterwards I asked Eglienski to come to my room for a scotch, and he agreed. His wife went to her room. The doctor told me his story. He talked freely, without fear. He complained that the regime was not on the level, that positions were occupied by people who were not fit. At present the situation was much better, but earlier it had been very bad. He said that he did not care if "they" were tapping the room, since he was telling the truth. They could throw him out of his job, but he would not care. I told him who I was (a Christian from America), that I had left Poland before the war, and that I was now working as a volunteer for General Motors Corporation. We talked until about 2330 hours. The doctor was critical, but at the same time he was cautious. He did not directly criticize the party or the communist regime, only the situation. He complained that he had been denied the opportunity to go to the United States to specialize in cardiology despite the fact that the United States had agreed to accept him. He remarked, "And the party members also need medical care." He also expressed a fear, shared by other Poles, that the United States might make a deal with the Germans and give back to them the former German territory now in western

SECRET

SECRET

Poland. I mentioned that Ukrainian-Polish relations in the past had not been very good. He replied that historic necessity forced the Poles to respond to the east in spite of the fact that their rights lay in the West and that Kresles was historically a Polish city. He also offered to show me the historic Kresles the following day, as I had decided to follow his advice and go back to Warsaw by train if the rain continued the next day. We parted at midnight.

22 MAY 1961, Sunday

It was raining in the morning. I knocked at the "Eggenmunkle" door, but they were still sleeping. I went down to the Orville bureau and asked to be put in touch with the United States Embassy in Warsaw. I was afraid that something might happen to me because I had refused the chance to report to the militia. I was asked why I wanted to get in touch with the Embassy, and I replied that it was my business and that as an American citizen, I had the right to speak with my Government. The man at Orville took the telephone and tried to talk to somebody, saying "10.35; 10.35; 10.35; no-one; no wants to talk to the United States Embassy." In the end I was not put in contact with the Embassy.

I had breakfast and went to see the Zeligsmants. Together we went to church and then sightseeing, and at 1500 hours we went for lunch to Ordis. After lunch I again tried to report to the militia via Ordis, but I was unsuccessful. I then went with the Zeligsmants to the museum. At 1830 hours I notified Ordis that because of rain I did not want to alter the plans to leave the next day and therefore would go by train. I was told that I would be provided with a taxi, but I refused from fear that they would take me somewhere I did not want to go. I said that I would go with Zeligsmant, and they agreed.

The train for Warsaw departed around 1700 hours. Because we were scheduled to arrive in Warsaw late at night, Zeligowski invited me to spend the night at his apartment, and I accepted. We had a separate compartment on the train. There was another passenger, an engineer, about forty years old, who talked to us and was interested in the standard of living in America. He also talked about conditions in Poland and complained about the security of skilled personnel in the country.

SECRET

SECRET

-5-

29 May 1961, Monday

The train arrived in Warsaw after midnight. We went to the Zeligzynski's apartment on Salus Street, had a late supper, and went to bed. I slept on a couch in the children's room, as the children were not at home. We got up at 0700 hours. Zeligzynski went to work but promised to come at 1000 hours to help me with formalities and my departure. I had with me eleven yards of material for suits that I had wanted to give to my brother, and I decided to give it to Zeligzynski. They were stunned. Zeligzynski promised to send me reproductions of Polish paintings and promised to write to me in America. "And when I write you that I don't want to maintain correspondence with you, you will understand the situation," he said. We exchanged addresses, and I asked them to visit me in America.

I went to the United States Embassy to report my visit to Poland and also to the militia to report. They asked for two pictures which I did not have. They also advised me to report at the militia office nearest the address of my overnight stay. Zeligzynski came back in the meantime and went with me to the proper militia office. He was told that the employee who was in charge of foreigners reports would not be in until 1600 hours. This was bad news because my plans to Moscow was to leave before that. Zeligzynski called somebody and was advised to go to another department at the militia. We went there and received a certificate of reporting and at the same time one of checking out. With this certificate we went to militia headquarters (Główna Komenda Milicji), foreigners registration office. They asked why I had not reported in Wrocław, and I told them how it had been and gave Zeligzynski as a witness. It was about 1330 hours when I finally checked out. We took a taxi and made a tour of Warsaw. Zeligzynski showed me the party building and Gomulka's headquarters. At 1430 hours we parted. Zeligzynski gave me a book of poetry by the poet Tetmajer and wrote a dedication. Then I took a taxi and went to the airport. The chauffeur in the taxi complained about living conditions in Poland. He said that meat was very scarce and that he had meat only on important holidays, and that Polish women became prostitutes for a little money in order to live.

At the airport I went through passport and customs formalities and paid a required charge for the liquor I bought in Warsaw. While in the waiting room I wanted to buy a little item in the store

SECRET

SECRET

-4-

and asked if I could pay with dollars. Dollars were accepted, and the man in the store asked me who I was. I said I was an American of Ukrainian descent, originally from Ternopol. The man said he was from Stanislaw, Western Ukraine and started to talk to me in Ukrainian. The sales clerk in the store complained about living conditions in Poland. She was disgusted with the pictures of the two American airplanes and asked for a picture of those planes which I had. She said they did not have such tremendous planes in Poland.

At 1635 hours the plane took off for Moscow. It was a two-engine plane operated by the Polish Air Service. A Polish technical delegation going to Moscow was on the plane. They walked about the airport, but I do not remember the details. During the flight I observed an aircraft on the ground (see Annex III). I did not engage in conversation with the passengers.

At 1830 hours we landed at Vladimir. Further guests asked for passports and compared the names of passengers with pictures in the passports. We were then brought to a waiting room. After an hour we were called to another building in the airport and were given customs declarations to fill out. My luggage and passport were given back to me. The luggage was controlled--though not in my presence--because I noticed that one lock of my suitcase was left open.

An Inspector representative approached me, asked for my name, and informed me that a taxi was waiting for me. I asked him to exchange some money and received eighteen rubles for twenty dollars.

The taxi took me to town. The driver did not talk. I could observe that whenever we passed an industrial installation or a construction site, the driver tried to pass it quickly and unobstructed. After half an hour we arrived at the Diplomat hotel. I was told, however, that there was no room in the hotel and was advised to go to the Hotel Ukraine. The same taxi driver took me there, and I went to the administrator to check in. The woman administrator took my passport and the voucher, asked where I came from, asked how long I had been in the United States, and how I could speak such good Russian. I explained that I had left the country before the war, that I was Ukrainian, and that Russian I learned to speak. I was assigned Room 608. This was a big luxurious room with a piano and a television set in it. She issued coupons for ten days but retained my passport. After having a snack in the hotel buffet, I went to bed at 2330 hours.

SECRET

SECRET

-7-

20 May 1961, Sunday

At 0900 hours I went for breakfast in the hotel restaurant. Afterwards I arranged a tour with Informant, and a guide was assigned to me. She explained that the hotel for my tour had to be ordered two hours in advance. We made an appointment for 1400 hours, and I went into the street. I checked around and came back to the hotel for lunch.

At 1400 hours my Informant guide, Antolin, and I went on a sightseeing tour. We saw the new and old sections of the city, the Kremlin, the university, the new sports field, and came back to the hotel at 1700 hours. The Informant guide asked me the usual questions about myself. We talked in Russian.

In the evening I went by Streetcar No. 107 to Smolensky Square to the Bolshoy Theater. The tickets were sold out, but a woman offered me a ticket, which I bought for 3 rubles and 30 kopecks. At the Bolshoy I saw a translation ballet, "Mavra Pankin," by a classical Ukrainian poet, Ivanova Ivanova. I was very much impressed. I did not talk to anybody. After the theater I went to the Kremlin and to the Lenin-Stalin museum and watched the change of guard at 2200 hours. I strolled for a while and at 2300 hours went back to the hotel and retired to my room after dinner.

21 May 1961, Wednesday

I had an appointment with my Informant guide, Antolin, for 0930 hours. We went to the Kremlin and to the Tretyakovskaya Gallery of Art. I brought there a book of reproductions and suggested great interest in paintings which the guide tried to explain to me. We also went to the GUM store, where I bought a few things. It was lunch time, and we made another appointment for 1330 hours at the Gorkovskiy Restaurant, where I went for lunch. We went to the agricultural exhibit and stayed there till 1630 hours. I thanked the Informant guide and the driver for their services and gave them little souvenirs, a scarf to the girl and a ballpoint pen to the driver. I told them that I had enjoyed the tour and that I had noticed progress in Moscow. "Your country moves forward; you have intelligent and educated people," I told them, and they seemed pleased. I went back to my room, then to dinner, and afterwards again to the Bolshoy to see Tchaikovsky's "Cherry Blossom." I returned to the hotel at 2200 hours. I received my passport and a plane ticket to Kiev and went to bed.

SECRET

SECRET

-4-

In Moscow I did not observe any surveillance. I did not notice any wire tapping in my room, nor was there a bullet-in double mirror. As far as my luggage was concerned, there were indications of its having been searched. I always tried to check it by placing clothing gun magazines in a special order, and when I opened my suitcase, the magazines were always misplaced second. This could have happened by some lifting of the suitcase by a maid, but there was no reason for her to lift it because it was always standing on a luggage stand. During in time that I was supposed to be interested in art, I wrote a few notes on theater programs in which I expressed my anti-fascism. This was done because if somebody had checked my luggage, he would have seen that I was interested in and also my positive attitude toward Soviet achievement in art and culture.

1 June 1961, Sunday

After breakfast I went to the Moscow airport at 0845 hours. The driver was very talkative (see ANNEX IV). He asked me questions--who I was, how I knew Russian so well, whether it was true that American wanted war, and whether American workers were politically conscious, for they seemed to act like children. I said that nobody wanted war, that American workers were not politically biased, but that they had the highest standard of living in the world and at the same time they were patriots. There were few incidents of American workers going to the Soviet Union. He admitted that this was true. I expressed praise of cars, and so forth. He said that things in the Soviet Union would also be much better. "Give us fifteen years," he said, "and we shall also become strong."

At the airport I boarded a two-engine jet for Kiev. It was interesting that my place on the plane was predetermined. When I stepped into the plane, the stewardess said, "Mr. B., here is your seat," and she showed me to the seat which was on the right side just over the wing.

The passengers were mostly young people, also some military, about thirty people altogether. We took off somewhat after 1300 hours, and after an hour and ten minutes, we landed in Kiev. It was somewhat after noon. An Independent girl, Alla Gerasimovna, called my name, and we went through Immigration to town. We crossed the Dnipro Bridge, and the girl explained things. The drive to town lasted half an hour. I

SECRET

SECRET

-2-

registered at the Ukraina Hotel. My passport was taken away from me, and I was assigned Room 836, which consisted of two rooms and a bathroom. The rooms were not by far as good as the room in Moscow. There was no television in the room.

After lunch I went into the streets, strolled along the Khreshchatyk, and returned to the hotel for a short sightseeing tour with Intourist. We went (with the same Intourist girl who had brought me from the airport) to the Memorial of Peace. We had a glance at the Vaparin memorial and at Saint Sophia Cathedral.

In the evening I went to the opera and saw the play "Damon." The ticket I received from Intourist. In the theater I talked to a pair of English tourists and also to a woman and a girl who sat next to me. I spoke in Russian. The girl was very proud of the Kiev theater, and she said that people say that the Kiev is better than that in Moscow. After the theater I returned to the hotel and went to bed.

2 June 1961, Friday

After breakfast I was asked by Intourist if I would like to join a tour of a Kiev Ukrainian school, Imeni Shevchenka. I agreed and joined some Russian and Ukrainian tourists from the United States and Canada (progressives) and four English people. The progressives were from New York state, and one was from Flaxington, New Jersey. I do not remember the names. There was one guide to the tour and one Intourist guide. We went through the chemical laboratory of the school, and the director (a woman) and some teachers gave talks.

Afterwards I went with the Intourist guide to the Ukrainian Museum of Ethnography and Art. I told her that I was interested in art, particularly Ukrainian paintings. We also went to see Saint Sophia, Saint Michael's Church, and Saint Volodymyr Hill. I asked the guide about the possibility of going to Kaniv, but she replied that my itinerary did not include such a tour and that I should have arranged for such a tour in New York. It was impossible, she said, to change the itinerary now. After the tour, on a square I saw a peasant woman sitting on a bench, barefoot. I took a seat on another

SECRET

SECRET

-10-

bench went to leave and asked her where she was from. She spoke good Ukrainian and said she was from far away, about a hundred kilometers. She said she was working on a balcony. I asked her how it was, and she said, "It is bad and that is all. You work your brother-in-law (uncle?), and they do not give you your earned grain in return." At that time a couple, a man and a woman who were sitting on another bench somewhat further away, looked at each other and started to move toward a bench next to us. I realized that they wanted to hear what we were talking about, so I left. At 1930 hours I was passing by the Sheremetsko Museum at Sheremetsko Polezansky, where two women and one man were talking in Ukrainian in front of the museum. I asked them if I could see the museum, and they replied that it was after hours. After I told them that I was from America and was an American Ukrainian, they agreed to let me in. After a while in the museum, I told them that I would bring them something for their kindness to me. They walked but did not believe I would come again. I went to my hotel and returned to find them still waiting. I gave the man a Nikkko hair curling machine and the woman a pair of stockings and a scarf. All of them were very happy and very excited. One of the women grabbed my hand and kissed it. I was embarrassed and said she should not do it, but the woman almost wept and said, "You don't know what you have done for us." (They were thirty rubles a month.) I told them that I was Ukrainian and explained how I felt toward the Ukrainians and the people, that whenever we were, we were the same people. I asked them why so many people spoke Russian in Kiev. They replied that at home they spoke Ukrainian, but in the street many spoke Russian. Young people learn Russian in school. They advised me to see the Catholic Volodymyr Cathedral, where I would see a thousand-year-old culture. Finally the man gave me a book of Sheremetsko press and wrote a dedication. He also wrote his name, Zorya Volodymyr Volodymyrovych (see Annex IV). He was an employee of the museum, and the woman, who was elderly, was just there.

After I left the Sheremetsko Museum, I noticed at Sheremetsko Polezansky two young men, twenty-five to twenty-eight, who were sitting on a bench and speaking in Ukrainian. I approached them. One wore an old Jagod a Navy uniform, so I thought he had served with the Navy earlier. Both were students of engineering. I told them who I was, and a conversation started. I was disappointed because they took the side of the Soviet system. They criticized the capitalist system because that system exploited the worker. The workers had to work

SECRET

SECRET

-11-

overlame, and that was exploitation. I told them that overlame was voluntary, and because of overlame were I, a worker, could earn enough money to make a trip to the Ukraine. While we were talking, the International guide who had guided us on the tour of the school passed by. I greeted him; he smiled and went on.

Afterwards, past 1800 hours, I went for dinner to the Northern Restaurant at Khreshchatyk. Two waiters came in and joined us at the table. They asked the waiters for 200 grams of vodka each. The waiters denied them vodka and said that after they had a drink they would make a course. They quarrelled and used rough language. I asked them what they did and how much they paid. They said they were communist workers and made 200 rubles. They moved to another table and again demanded their vodka. They went on eating, but did not get the vodka. They left.

After dinner I took a walk on the Khreshchatyk toward the Volodymyrsk Hill. People strolled and talked. My impression was that every seventh spoke Ukrainian. The rest spoke Russian among themselves.

1 June 1961, Saturday

After breakfast I went to a photographer to load my camera. Previously, I had spoiled one film because I did not load the camera properly. I asked the Internist whether I was allowed to take pictures and was told that I could photograph whatever I wished. I also asked the photographer to take a picture of me in the park and asked him to send the pictures to my address in the United States. I went along in the park (Volodymyr Hill) and took pictures toward the Dniester.

After lunch I wrote and sent out post cards to my wife and son. I strolled in the streets and sat on benches. I had a camera with me all day long.

In the evening before dinner at about 1900 hours, I went to the Internist hotel bathroom in the basement. I washed my hands and combed my hair. While I did this, I hung my ladies camera on a towel hook on the right side of the mirror in front of which I was standing. Suddenly three young men dressed in typical Soviet garb and with "grey

SECRET

SECRET

-12-

faces" moved into the bathroom with much noise and then suddenly withdrew. I thought they had withdrawn because I was there. When I had finished combing my hair and looked to the side where my camera had been, it was gone. I went out and told the attendant that my camera had been stolen. The attendant said he had seen the three come out. I went then to the bureau of services and requested the clerk to the girl there. She said that such things never happened there but advised me to come back in the morning and file a report so that the militia could be notified. It was already night. I brought a pistol for the theater and watched a ballet. I did not talk to anybody and after the theater went to bed.

4 June 1961, Sunday

After breakfast I filed a complaint concerning my camera and was told that after the militia had found it, they would send it back to my address. I also met my Independent guide, and she was furious. She said, "We also have handies here, and in my opinion, they all should be shot. Our laws in the Soviet Union are too strict for such people; they should be shot immediately." I went to the bank asking whether the photographer had brought my film that I had given him for developing. He had not seen. I was told that the photographer would send the film to my address. I received my passport from the hotel and went to the Sheraton monument at University Square in order to take a handful of soil from the monument grounds.

When at the Sheraton monument I saw a group of eight students (one girl among them) and an older gentleman in a shower hat speaking Ukrainian. The students were in their twenties, and the old man was about sixty. I approached the group, turned to the old man, and asked, "Excuse me, may I take a handful of soil from here?" The man looked at me with surprise and asked why. I said that I was a Ukrainian from America and that Ukrainians in America had asked me to bring some Ukrainian soil from Kiev. He was even more surprised and very nervous and said, "Of course, please do take it." He led me toward the monument. The students waited on the side. He started to ask me questions, and we talked for a few minutes. He was very interested to hear about Ukrainians in America. He asked questions about me and about Ukrainians in America, how they live and how well they did. He said that he was a professor from the area where the Dniester River flows

SECRET

SECRET

-13-

into the Interior and that the young people were his students. He had come to visit Kiev. He was a graduate of the Polytechnical Institute and was a schoolmate of Pavlov, the author of the English-Ukrainian Dictionary. I took a piece of soil and seeing that the students were waiting, said goodby to the professor.

I went back to the hotel and inquired again about the film. The photographer had not appeared yet, I was told.

I went to Saint Volodymyr Church. The church was crowded, but I did not see young people. I moved around, and in front of the icon of Saint Nicholas, I bought a few candles and lit them with a wish, help me to finish my mission and then to get back. (But I probably did not buy enough candles.)

At the church entrance I met a man, Anatoliy Ivanovich Vasil'yev (see Annex II). He said he was from Novocherkassk. I told him that I knew an old woman from his area who gave lessons to my son in America in Russian and piano. The man talked about Novocherkassk, asked questions about America and myself. He was glad that I had told him about somebody from Novocherkassk, and he insisted on giving me a bottle of wine for that woman in America. I had invented the story about the woman, but I knew something about the Novocherkassk area from my first wife's parents. Vasil'yev wanted me to go with him to his hotel, and I went. We went to a building on which there was a sign "entrance forbidden." This was a hotel for party members, I think. He asked me to wait and after a while came out with a bottle of wine for the old woman from Novocherkassk. I went back to the hotel, checked out, and at 1430 hours went by Interiorist car to the airport. The plane for Lvov took off at 1630 hours.

I did not observe any surveillance while in Kiev, with the possible exception of the Interiorist guide who passed by while I was talking to the two Ukrainian students on Shcherbakov Square. But he might have passed by chance. In my hotel room I did not detect any wire tapping, and the mirror was not built into the wall. The checking gun in my suitcase was always scattered around. In Kiev I tried to detect surveillance but did not find any.

The two-engine plane landed in Lvov at 1830 hours at Stryliv airport. There were twelve passengers on the plane. I talked to one woman who complained about her husband and was not satisfied with him.

SECRET

SECRET

She said that her husband, an engineer, often was out of town. She asked me to visit her and also to talk to her father, who had been a colonel in the tourist army. She wrote down her address in Kiev for me. Her name was Mykola. She did not give her first name. He spoke in Russian (see Annex II).

At the Kiev airport there was no International guide waiting for me, and I telephoned International in town. I waited for about an hour before the International car arrived. I started speaking to the International girl in Ukrainian, but she continued in Russian, so I spoke Russian too. Again, she asked me who I was, where I had learned Russian, and so forth. We decided to have a tour of the city next morning.

I checked in at the International hotel. I presented my passport and was assigned Room 8 on the second floor. My room was a nice corner one at Shevchenko Boulevard and Mikhlerish Square, much better than in Kiev. After packing up, I went out and strolled down Shevchenko Boulevard and Lenin Boulevard. Many people walked in the streets. I heard more Ukrainian than in Kiev, and I think the rate was about 50-60, Ukrainian and Russian. I also heard much of the local Galician dialect in the streets. From those who spoke Ukrainian, I spoke at least 50 per cent upon this Galician dialect. It was Sunday, and people were pretty well dressed. They strolled or sat on the benches. At the square on Lenin Boulevard, the place where there was a football stadium earlier, people stood in groups and talked, mostly young people. I did not talk to anybody that night. At 2200 hours I had dinner at the hotel and after dinner went to bed. On the way to my room the hotel dispatcher asked me where I had learned such good Russian.

5 June 1961, Monday

In the morning I went to the service bureau for tourists, located over the main lobby on the second floor, and there met my guide. In the office I received my passport, but the ticket to Prague was retained in the office. I went to the restaurant for breakfast and took a seat at the table. At that time a group of tourists moved through the lobby to the restaurant. They were Ukrainian progressives from America and Canada who had arrived from Moscow. This was the same group which had left New York on 27 or 28 May. The group was

SECRET

SECRET

-15-

composed of about forty people. Among them I noticed in the restaurant Mrs. Dorothy Sam from Chicago and her son, my very good friend from Minneapolis, Victor Borzhabuk. I was supposed to pick up Mrs. Sam at the New York airport before I left New York, but she did not come on the scheduled plane, so I did not meet her. After my return to Moscow, my wife told me that she had met Mrs. Sam the next day and told her that I had gone to Poland and to the Soviet Union. Mrs. Sam had been very surprised and asked, "Did he go under his own name?" My wife said yes. How they sat at the third table from me.

Borzhabuk looked in my direction. He obviously noticed me, but then he lowered his eyes toward the table and did not look toward me any more. Mrs. Sam also did not look toward me, and neither made a move to talk to me or recognize me. (Borzhabuk spent ten years in a concentration camp in Siberia.) I did not talk to any of the prisoners.

After breakfast, at 0930 hours, with the Informant guide we started on a sightseeing tour of Lwow in an Informant's car. We went to the Hill overlooking the city called Tyndyk Zamek, and the guide explained the Lwow panorama. Then we came to Saint George Cathedral, the famous architectural structure and seat of Ukrainian Catholic metropolitanism, including Metropolitan Sheptytskyi, the guide emphatically explained that Saint George had been the patron of Ukrainian metropolitanism, and that in co-operation with Hitler, Sheptytskyi and his helpers had arrested people, terrorized them, and killed them. "It is terrible to say that they did this," she said. As for the history of Lwow, she explained that the Russian prince Danilo Halychskyi had founded the city, that the Poles had brought in Catholicism, and that at the present time Catholic priests had rejected orthodoxy and everything was fine now.

From Tyndyk Zamek we went to Lantna Street and to the Hill of Pans (Koshch Akry). The girl then showed us the grave of Rumantsev, a Soviet hero who was allegedly killed during the war by Ukrainian nationalists. Three nationalists, called also banderitsy, she said, were bad people. They killed everybody. They killed Germans, they killed Soviets, and they killed the local people. Rumantsev was a Soviet partisan. He knew German very well, and posing as a German officer, he had joined the German military staff, working at the same time for the Soviets. He had discovered the plan to kill Stalin, Churchill, and Roosevelt at Yalta, and the attempt had failed. In the end the Germans became suspicious and were after him. Rumantsev attempted

SECRET

SECRET

-16-

to reach the Soviet lines but was captured by a band of Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists. He threw a grenade and killed himself and many nationalists with him. (Note: The true story of Kumiatshev is quite different. He was a provocateur who, posing as a German officer, killed some German Nazi personalities in Lvov and Volynia. He was discovered by the Soviets to accomplish the terrorist acts but to leave behind traces to the effect that the acts were carried out by Ukrainian nationalists. After committing the acts, he always left behind Ukrainian nationalist literature and some false personal documents of Ukrainian underground members. As a result, hundreds of Ukrainians, predominantly from the intelligentsia, were shot by the Germans in Volynia. Kumiatshev was captured by EPA. He did not kill himself but was executed.)

The guide continued that in Lvov there lives Kumiatshev's best friend who had been looking for Kumiatshev's body but had not been able to find it for a long time. Finally not long ago some peasants pointed out a grave, saying that this was the place where Kumiatshev had killed himself. There is a conclusion in the Soviet Union, she said, that can identify people from the construction of the skull, and this conclusion had identified Kumiatshev. He was brought to Kholm Slavy in Lvov and buried there. His friend puts fresh flowers on his grave every day.

We went afterwards to another part of the ironically cemetery where the graves of famous Ukrainian writers like Ivan Franko, Shevchenko, Horvatskyi are located. I asked who had designed the monument on Franko's grave, knowing that it was Izyumskaya, who lives in New York at the present time. The guide answered that the monument was designed by "one of our sculptors." When we came to the grave of Balas, she explained that he was killed by Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists. I wanted to go to other parts of the cemetery, but the guide was very reluctant to let me. I only saw that almost every tomb had been damaged. The doors had been removed, and it looked as though the tombs had been robbed. She explained that this was a result of the war. After that we went to the Shchepietzi Park and then to Ivankiv.

After Ivankiv I met my guide again, and we went to the Museum of Ethnography. About 1500 hours I thanked the guide for her services. She said that because I knew the language I did not need her help any

SECRET

SECRET

-17-

were, but whenever I again needed her services, she would be at my disposal. In part, and I strolled around town to acquire myself with the city. In the back of the International hotel there is a little passage. I went through it to observe surveillance. I brought a guide to know, opened it, and looking at it, walked toward Dzhambul's Street. I approached a big church at the end of Shavkatov's Boulevard and saw two youngsters playing and talking in Turkish. The girl was five and the boy seven. I asked them whether I could see the church inside, but they replied that the church was closed now. With the open guide in my hands, I went toward the museum on Dzhambul's. I acquainted myself with the area and saw people in the garden of the museum. It was about 1700 hours, and I went toward the main post office. I looked for surveillance but did not notice any.

At the post office I took Streetcar No. 9 and went to Saint Elizabeth Church. In front of the church I got off and strolled on Kirovskaya Street toward Bulandiyra. As I got out of the street-car, I noticed a green Volga car which stopped about seventy yards in front of me. I do not remember the license plate number. The driver, without jacket and in a badge shirt, got out, opened the hood, and made some adjustments to the motor. Another man was sitting in the car. I was walking on the opposite side of the street and passed the car. After half mile of walking I noticed again the same car somewhat in front of me and following the same procedure: the driver looking under the hood and another man sitting in the car. After a while I walked back along the same street toward Saint Elizabeth Church. At the same spot where I had gotten off the streetcar, I again got on No. 9 but going in the opposite direction. I got off at Zhovturova Street (formerly Sverdlovsk) and walked toward the opera house. From there I went to Khamulyatskaya Street (formerly Zhovturova), and there I took Streetcar No. 6 toward Pilsudskie. After about fifteen minutes I got off on Khamulyatskaya Street. I still had my guide book open, and I looked around at buildings in the area. Again about seventy yards behind the streetcar I had just left, I saw the same green Volga stopping at the curb. Two men were sitting in the car as if waiting for somebody. They did not get out of the car. I walked in the direction of the car, which was on the same side of the street as I. Looking around and into the guide book, I went by the car. Behind the wheel was a man without a jacket in a kind of badge shirt without a tie. The second occupant of the car in the front seat had no head cover. He wore green glasses--a rare thing

SECRET

SECRET

-18-

to see in Lwow--and I could not describe his face because of the glasses and the dim light within the car. He wore a jacket and a shirt without tie, the shirt of some dark color. He was reading a paper. After I passed the car, I crossed the street and walked toward the center of the city. After a while I again got on Streetcar No. 6 and got off at the opera house. I strolled around in the area, went to the market, looked over the place where my business had been, and bought a ticket to the theater. The car I had seen three times I did not see again.

At 1045 hours I took a seat on a bench on which two women, about forty, were sitting and speaking Ukrainian with a Galician accent. One complained to the other that he made 62 rubles a month and that a kilo of food cost 20 rubles on the black market. When I came, the conversation slowed down, and they started talking about the weather. I did not want to engage in the conversation, and I went off, seeing that they were afraid of me.

I went to the lobby of the Zamoretska Theater and bought a sandwich and a soft drink. In addition to the sales girl at the buffet, there was a delivery man who delivered goods to buffets and restaurants. He asked me who I was, and finding out that I was a Ukrainian from America, he was very pleased, bought a bottle of wine, and joined me at the table. We talked for a while.

It was time for the play in the theater, and I went in.

The group from Dnepropetrovsk was doing a Ukrainian play "Marsiaha Bohuslavka." In the theater I noticed not far away from me four young men about twenty-five who were talking in Russian and all the time were looking in my direction, talking and laughing. They did it in such a way that I was convinced they were talking about me, and I thought maybe they or some of them were watching me. During the intermission I went backstage and told the director of the theater that I was very pleased with the play and the performance and that I wanted to congratulate the artists. The director spoke Russian. He arranged for me to meet the artists, composed of eastern and western Ukrainians. We talked in Ukrainian, and I expressed my appreciation. They conveyed greetings to Ukrainians in America and asked me to tell them that art is developing well in the Ukraine. All the time during my trip I tried to avoid political conversations and tried to leave the impression that I was not well acquainted with political problems. I just listened to what people had to say. After the theater I went for dinner and to bed.

SECRET

SECRET

-19-

6 June 1961, Sunday

At breakfast I joined a man from Odessa whose name was Vladimir Davidovich Volkovson. He spoke Russian (see ANNEX IV). At 1100 hours I went again to the museum on Pushkinskaya Street. I did not work on my surveillance. I went through the main gates to the garden and then to the main building. In the hall I noticed two men, employees of the museum. One was young, the other old. I told them that I wanted to see the museum. The older man told me to wait because the museum was not yet open. He asked me who I was, and I replied that I was from America. At that time an old woman who, as I later learned, was the janitor of the museum approached (see ANNEX IV). I told her also that I wanted to see the museum, and she suggested that before the museum was open I could look over the Shostakovskiy exhibit in two rooms on the first floor next to the entrance hall. While I was going through the Shostakovskiy exhibit, some people, obviously the employees of the museum started to assemble in one of the exhibit rooms next to the hall in which there was a round table and chairs. They took seats around the table. Present were the janitor woman, the two men I had met in the hall, another woman, a young girl, and a middle-aged man with a bag, altogether about ten persons. After they had assembled and I had seen that there would be a meeting and had moved to the room next to the one with the round table, the man with the bag (see ANNEX IV) started a political indoctrination meeting. From where I was, I could hear the procedure. It lasted for about twenty minutes and was conducted in Ukrainian. After the meeting was over the janitor came to me and suggested that if I wanted to see the museum and benefit from it, I should go to the director and ask him for guidance, and maybe he could send me somebody from among the employees to act as my guide. She directed me to the second floor where the director's offices were and reminded me that there was some reconstruction and painting going on upstairs and that I should watch out.

I went to the director's office, introduced myself, and said that I was interested in old Ukrainian art, that my wife was an artist, and that I would like to take her some reproductions of the paintings. I also said that I had visited the Tretyakovskaya Gallery in Moscow and the galleries in Kiev. I asked that someone be assigned to give me expert explanations. I revealed clumsily that I was from America, for as I considered the situation, they would pay some

SECRET

SECRET

-29-

attention to a stranger and would try to help him. The director (see ANNEX IV) was very nice to me and offered his personal services. We went through the museum, and he explained the paintings. During the conversation he proudly spoke about Ukrainian art and about the collections in the museum. I asked him to show exactly those collections and the museum should be described. The director explained that there had been a famous professor, Drentatskyi, a great man and scientist, and the museum was the result of his lifetime of work. I asked where the professor was now, and the director said that he had died a few years earlier but that his family was alive and his daughter worked in the museum as a scientific worker. I expressed interest in the famous professor and asked the director if I could talk to the daughter, but he replied that it was impossible because there was much work now in the museum and she was very busy. I wanted to leave the door open for another visit to the museum and asked the director if he had some reproductions of paintings, but he said that shops in the vicinity carried those reproductions and I should look around in the stores. I said that I would like to make some notes later and make a list of the paintings. He asked me if there were Ukrainian painters in America, and I mentioned the names of Hryshchuk, Horov, Buterbach, and the sculptor Artyushko, whose works are in leading museums in the United States. He also said that the museum had precious collections in storage that could not be displayed because of lack of space. However, they had received a permit for constructing another wing to the museum building. I spent two hours with the director, and it was about 1430 hours when I left. I walked for a short time with the janitor to make sure that the Drentatskyi family was living on the museum grounds. I asked the janitor if the director lived within the museum. She said no, only herself and the Drentatskyi family lived there. After I left the museum, I decided to go there again in the evening and to go directly to Ware's house.

I went in the direction of Saint George Cathedral. When I had crossed University Park (formerly Jewett Garden), I saw a summer restaurant and refreshment building in the upper part of the park. An older man was in front of the building, the attendant of the place. He kept the alley in front of the restaurant. I asked him if I could use the bathroom, and he showed me in. After I came out, I asked him how to get to Saint George Cathedral. He showed me the direction and asked who I was. I said I was a Ukrainian from America.

SECRET

SECRET

-21-

He was extremely enthusiastic and wanted to talk. He was so happy and so excited that he did not know what to do. He brought me to the check room in the restaurant (the whole place was completely empty), where he had his table and wanted to get something to drink for me, but I refused because of time. He complained about the Russians and used foul language in describing them. He said that he had a daughter in England and wanted me to get in touch with her. He wanted me to go with him to his living quarters, but I did not have time and promised him to come later to get the address of his daughter. He complained that he got 32 rubles a month and that he had rheumatism. His first name was Vasya, and I have forgotten his last name (see ANNEX II). I promised to come later and left.

I went to Saint George Cathedral and talked to an old woman who told me that all her life she had gone to church, and she was continuing now, despite the fact that "it had changed somewhat."

It was 1200 hours, and I returned to the hotel for dinner. After dinner (I planned to go to the museum later in the evening) I walked through the streets, and at Lermontova Street (a side street from Shcherbenko Boulevard) I saw two men talking loudly in Ukrainian as if they were arguing. I asked them something, and they asked me who I was. I said I was a Ukrainian from America, and one of them asked me whether I knew the radio program "Vesela Polka Lvovska" from before the war. I said I remembered it, and he invited me to his apartment next door and asked his wife to make scrambled eggs for me. I protested, but it did not help. He went out and bought some vodka, and I saw the price of 2 rubles on the label. I gave him 2 rubles for the vodka, and he and the other man drank it. I participated, but I was very restrained. The man, whose name is Yuriy Vasylyevych Rylay (see ANNEX II), cursed the Russians and complained how difficult life was. He played the harmonica, remembering old songs about love. He asked me to send him a Bohner harmonica from abroad, and I promised to do it. He asked me to write down his name and address so that I could send him the harmonica.

In the evening I went again toward the museum. Again I used the passage in back of the Intourist hotel and also some empty side streets. I could not detect any surveillance. It was 2000 hours. On the museum grounds in the garden, I saw the construction people still working around the building. Some other people were also in the

SECRET

SECRET

-22-

garden where Vira's house was located. I turned back from the museum and determined the next day to go to the janitor, to give her some gift, and to try working through her to Vira.

I returned to the hotel and went out to the streets again. I talked to some people who were walking or sitting on benches. First, I talked to a woman who told me that her husband was a construction worker and had managed to get a passport to live in Iran. He could now go to his village every week or so and bring food produce, and they could live. She said that it was better now than years ago. I gave her a ballpoint pen. On the London Boulevard I met two young men about twenty-eight who also spoke Ukrainian. I asked them about the opera house, since I was a Ukrainian from America. They were machine workers. One of them had been in the Soviet Army Artillery and had participated in the Korean War. He said that he had been stopped not to have taken advantage of the opportunity to defect. It was after 2200 hours, and I retired to my hotel room.

7 June 1961, Wednesday

After breakfast I went to old Vasya in University Park. Vasya again told me about his daughter who lived in Manchester, England. She was married but did not have children. He gave her married name and address, which were written as a return address on a letter, probably from his daughter herself. The address read: Manchester, Seven Barfield Street, Manchester 8, England. (Note: This is a contact of ARCADIS/29.) He said that he had sent his daughter two pounds of mushrooms last Christmas and that she had acknowledged receipt but had not written since. He wanted me to remind her to write to him. He also gave me a label for some drugs he needed and which his daughter had been sending him previously. He asked me to tell her to send him some more of these drugs. Vasya said that he was not afraid of the communists because even in Siberia they paid better than his 32 rubles a month. "What can they do to me?" he asked. He wanted to give his address and write a letter to his daughter for me to take, but I refused to take it. He was so glad to see me that I think I could have asked him to do anything, and he would have done it.

SECRET

SECRET

-23-

It was 11:30 hours, and I went to the museum again. I saw the woman janitor, who was working in the garden, and gave her a secret, telling her that it was for the kindness she had shown me the previous day. I told her that I had come back to the museum once again because I wanted to make a list of paintings which were in the museum, as I had told her the previous day. She said, "You know, I will call Vira, maybe you should talk to her. I shall not tell the director because he won't let her see you. I shall just call her." She went to the right side of the front building and called to the second floor window, "Vira, Vira." She came back to me and advised me to go to the museum and Vira would come down. I went into the museum, made some lists of paintings and waited for an hour and a half, but Vira did not come. When I went out, the janitor said nothing. She asked me to come to her house. I went with her to a house on the museum grounds. She spontaneously finally lived in Apartment 3, the little house next to that of the janitor. The woman's husband also came in. He looked around and talked in a very restrained manner. He said they had been waiting for the museum for thirty years. Money was hard to come by, but things were better than before. I said that I had some things in the hotel, and because I was leaving the next day, I wanted to leave those things for them. I asked the woman to go with me to the hotel so that I could give her the things. The man and woman wanted to give me something in return. They took out some small paintings and gave them to me. I asked if I could take them. The man insisted that the paintings were given to him personally by the artists and that they were his own property. On Novakovsky's painting there was an inscription saying that the picture was given to Mr. Plaut (see ANNEX IV). I think that is the name of the janitor. I took three little pictures out of the whole bunch they offered me and went with the woman to the hotel. On the way I asked her when Professor Novakovsky had died, and she started to talk about the family. She said that the professor was a real student of art, that his wife was Russian (he married her while studying in Saint Petersburg prior to World War I), that the widow and two daughters lived on the museum grounds, that the daughters had not married, that the other sister was traveling Germany at Lwow University and was getting 170 rubles a month, and that Vira got 80 rubles a month. The janitor said that Vira was a scientific writer at the museum, but she could not work anybody without permission from the director. In my hotel room I gave her the following items: two cutting diamonds, which I had prepared for Mada, a pair of sandals,

SECRET

SECRET

-24-

search, three pairs of stockings, a tie, a few shirts, some ballpoint pens, and one bottle of whiskey. I told her that I would not take these items back to America and that I wanted to help her. She was very happy and said that they did not have enough of things and that I had helped them very much. "You can't imagine what you have done for us," she said as she left my room.

This was my last evening in Ivory, and I decided to make a last attempt to carry out my mission. I decided again to go to Vira's house. Knowing that in the night, I went to the post office before it closed and bought a letter and stamp to have it ready for writing the letter. After 1800 hours I went to dinner. After dinner I took a walk, and at 2030 hours I went to the museum again. I again used the passageway, but two men were standing there, and when they saw that I tried to enter the passageway, and it was closed, they laughed. I entered the hotel and, using empty side streets, went toward the museum. I tried to detect surveillance, but I saw nothing. I passed by the museum and saw in the dark about eight people sitting between the two living quarters on the museum grounds and heard them talking. I did not know who they were. I thought the person who had held the indoctrination meeting might be there, and I did not want to meet that one under such conditions. The lights were already on. I decided not to go in. I passed by the museum, walked a short distance, and then turned back to Sherembo Boulevard. I walked in the streets for over an hour and at 2200 hours decided to make my last try. I went to the museum, but the people were still sitting on the same spot as before. I could not approach the house unnoticed. I turned back to the hotel, and I thought that to make another attempt so late at night would not be reasonable. Even if the people there were not present any more, for a stranger to go to a private house would look more than suspicious, and I decided not to go. I thought that I could have asked the janitor woman to transfer some clothes to Vira, but I was not 100 per cent certain about her, and I had not been instructed to use such an intermediary. At 2300 hours I returned to my hotel room. During the previous days I had located a small box which would have fit into my plan to drop a letter unnoticed. This small box was located just around the corner from the former Egyptian building on the opposite side from the building on Sherembo Boulevard.

SECRET

SECRET

-25-

8 June 1961, Thursday

I got up at 0630 hours and went out for a walk. At about 0700 a crowd gathered in front of the Interlist hotel because an Indian delegation had arrived, and people were eager to know something about it. I talked to two men who were standing there and watching. One of them, Stepan Pavlovich Melnik, was a former inmate of Soviet concentration camps in Siberia for eight years (see ANNEX II).

At 0845 I went to the hotel to check out. My luggage was brought down to the lobby. I had breakfast and had a conversation with an Israeli couple at my table. They spoke Russian, and the woman spoke Polish also, since she was from Poland originally. I did not ask for their names. The man said that he was a representative of Israel and talked highly about the state of Israel and the situation there.

At 0900 hours I went out to the airport with my Interlist guide. At the airport we went through the controls. First, a border guard took my passport and tore off the departure visa. He returned my passport and sent me to the customs officer, who in turn asked for the customs declaration, which I had submitted at the entrance point in Moscow. He asked me how much money (dollars) I was carrying. I had only a few kopcks in Soviet currency, and I was permitted to take them with me. The customs officer asked me to fill out a declaration of items which I was taking out and checked my luggage. I told him that I had with me some reproductions of paintings which I had received as a gift, but I did not mention the original paintings from Lwow. I had with me some local Soviet Ukrainian papers, but the customs officer took them out and said, "These papers are not recommended." When I saw that he took the papers out, I asked him, "Because me, are they not recommended or are they not permitted?" He replied in a sharp voice, "Not permitted," and took the papers away. They were Yevheniya Kyiv and Vilna Ukraine. The officer said that I could take with me the national (all-Ukrainian) papers, to which I replied that I had not known this. Besides, I said that I could get the all-Ukrainian papers abroad and that I had read them, but I had some interest in the local papers. After the control my luggage was checked, and I went with the other passengers to the plane by bus. On both sides of the plane entrance, two border guards were asking for passports again. They looked at the picture in the passport and at my face, saluted, and gave the passport back to me. I was in the plane.

SECRET

SECRET

-26-

The take-off was delayed for about an hour and took place at 1140 hours. The two-actor Ukrainian had only three passengers-- a Slovak woman with a boy and myself. The stewardess offered us sandwiches. She could not understand the Slovak woman, and I offered my help as interpreter. After a while I said, "These sandwiches are real, good Ukrainian sandwiches." I spoke in Ukrainian and purposefully used the English word "sandwiches." The girl looked at me and asked who I was. I told her and used a phrase from Sherchenko poetry which said that everyone should learn foreign languages but never forget his own. She spoke in Ukrainian and asked me about Kiev and how I had liked the city. I again used a Sherchenko phrase: "There is no other Ukraine, there is nothing in the world like the Dniester." She picked up from there and continued Sherchenko's poem: "And you go to foreign lands looking for luck...." We continued talking. Her name was Linda (see ANNEX II). She asked how Ukrainians live in America. I started again to talk about Sherchenko, saying that even Khrushchev on his way to Vienna went to Sherchenko's grave to pay homage, but such things never happened when Khrushchev's predecessor (meaning Stalin) was in power. The stewardess got omitted and said that she did not want to talk about the predecessor because "he destroyed so many of our people." I asked her why many people in Kiev did not use the Ukrainian language. She replied that at home they use it. "You see, at home I, my mother, my father, and my husband speak Ukrainian, but in the streets, for some reason, don't use the Russian language." I said that my son was born abroad, but he knew Ukrainian well. I quoted again a verse of poetry referring to the Ukrainians, and she said that she liked the verse very much but had never heard it before. I explained that the poet was an emigre and had died abroad two years ago. I was quoting Sytyk's "Lastovynia." I continued that it was wrong for her to think that only Ukrainians in the Ukraine like herself had a monopoly on Ukrainian patriotism. I told her that Ukrainians abroad were going to erect a monument to Sherchenko in the capital of America, Washington, for a quarter of a million dollars. She said, "Yes, you erect monuments, but you don't want to come back to the Ukraine." "But I did, and I will come again with my boy, if God helps," I said, "And when you are in America sometime in the future, come and see me." She immediately asked for my address, and I wrote it down for her.

She started to explain that the consumer industry did not work well yet in the Soviet Union and that she, for example, did not have stockings. She said she wanted to buy a pair of green glasses

SECRET

SECRET

-27-

for her father, who worked with iron casting and needed such glasses but that they were not available in the Ukraine. I said that I could send her such glasses. She said that she would send me some reproductions of paintings and Sherbenko's "Kobzar." When she has done it, I could send something to her. I did not ask for her address, and she did not give it to me, but she indicated that when she sent some things to me, her address would be available to me. She also said that she had received permission to exchange only 50 hryvnia in Czechoslovakia. She wanted to buy something for herself, but it was impossible. I offered to leave her some Czech crowns, and she accepted gladly. I said that I had to exchange dollars because I did not possess crowns.

When we stopped in Bratislava, she arranged for me to leave the plane. She explained to the Czech border guards that I wanted to have coffee in the airport restaurant. The guards checked my passport and let me go. At the restaurant counter there were two Slovak girls. I asked for coffee and also asked if they would accept American dollars. The girls looked at one another and replied, "Yes, we take dollars, but you should not tell anybody that you got crowns from us." I gave the girls \$4, and they gave me in return a whole bunch of crowns. I did not ask what the rate was, but when I later counted them in the plane, I found out that they had given me the black market price of 80 crowns to the dollar. The official rate is 14 crowns.

I went back to the plane and noticed that the Slovak woman with her boy had gotten off and that now I was the only passenger. We took seats in the front of the plane, and I gave all the crowns to her. She was stunned with the amount and said it was too much, but I indicated that it was only \$4 worth of money. She thanked me very much. I said that she was like my daughter, and I was glad to do something for her. She should write to me, and I would send what she needed. She said that she would write to me for sure and send me the "Kobzar." She took a copy of a Soviet magazine which was lying around and wrote to my son a few words to the effect that he should never forget that Ukrainian blood flows in his veins and that he should be proud of his Ukrainian language. Before I left the plane, which landed in Prague at 1400 hours, I asked her what she would say to the pilots when they asked her about our conversation. I said that when they asked why she talked to me so much she should say that she kept me

SECRET

SECRET

-28-

from looking through the window of the plane. She laughed and said that this was the most proper thing to tell them. I felt that she knew about such a device and was probably instructed in this way by her superiors, since she was not surprised by my suggestion. I also asked her for the Soviet publications which were on the plane (a few copies of Pravda, Kyry, and she gladly gave them to me. (Note: These have a consumer interest.) I said that we could go out in Prague, and I may buy her something there, but she refused, saying that we should go different ways in Prague. I kissed her like a child and left the plane.

I went to the waiting room for transit passengers. My passport was checked. I exchanged \$2 and received 28 crowns for it. I noticed that one of the Soviet pilots from my plane was sitting at the counter, and I joined him. I thought that I should tell him something to dispense the possible suspicion he might have toward the Americans and our talk in the plane alone. I spoke to him in Russian and told him some preliminary things about the Soviet Union which would please a Soviet patriotic ear. The pilot told me that he had been in the United States and that there were things in America which were worth learning. He also said that he would not like to have another war.

Afterwards I went to the jewelry shop to buy some Czech crystal for my wife. While I was looking over the merchandise, two women came to the store. They spoke Russian and were Soviets. One said to the other that her husband had just received a bonus (oklad) of 12,000 rubles in new currency and had to buy things. And what to buy? They looked over jewelry, selected some necklaces, and paid in American dollars. I talked in the store in English, but when they were paying, I looked at the jewelry and said as to myself in Russian, "This is real art." The two women jumped as if somebody had poured boiling water in their faces. They had terrified expressions. They grabbed the jewelry and ran out of the store. They were actually running.

I left the store and noticed that twelve young boys and girls, seventeen or eighteen years old, had entered the waiting room. They spoke Spanish and had dark complexion. A woman of about forty-five was taking care of them and writing post cards for them. I looked at the addresses and saw that she addressed them all to Cuba.

SECRET

SECRET

-29-

They had telegrams to Moscow, were little Cuban flags, and also Communist emblems on their jackets. When the Moscow plane arrived the women guide led them to it.

I also had a little talk with a member of a Polish delegation to Czechoslovakia. He was an employee of Polish industry. I told him that I was a Ukrainian from America, and he complained that Poland lacked many things, that positions in government and industry in Poland were occupied by people who were not fit, and that they should occupy positions lower than they do.

After the passport control I boarded the IMA plane. We took off at 1800 hours. Americans and British were on the plane, and we landed in London at 2030 hours. In London Pan American took care of us. I did not have a reservation for a hotel, but Pan American gave me a hotel room and did not even charge me for it. I relaxed and started to sing "Home, Sweet Home." It was a different world.

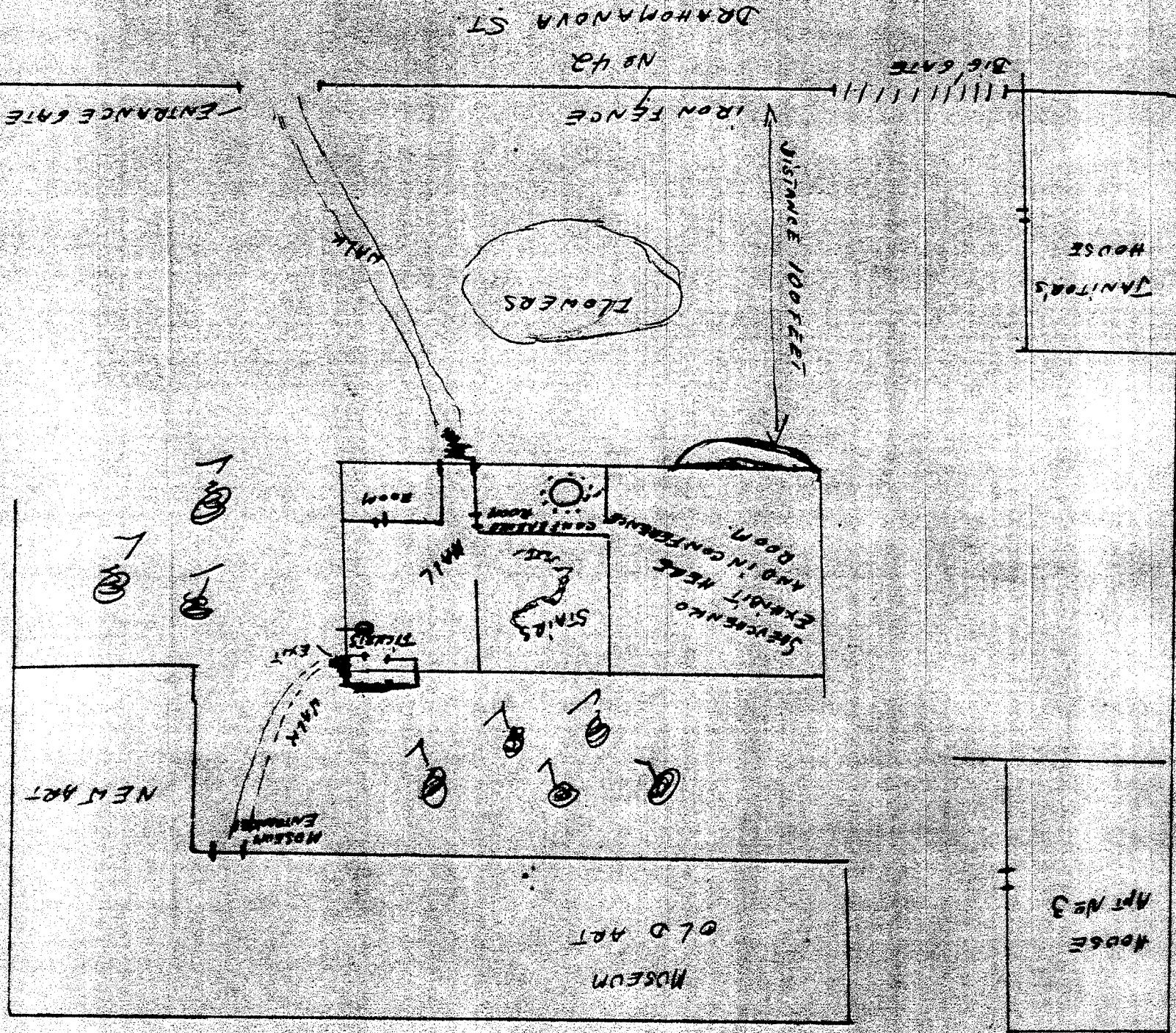
2 June 1961, Friday

The plane scheduled for 1100 hours took off at 1120 hours. In the plane I met a representative of a steel firm from Westfield, New Jersey, and he asked me if I was not afraid to go on my trip. He talked during the flight and arrived in New York at Idlewild Airport at 1430 hours.

SECRET

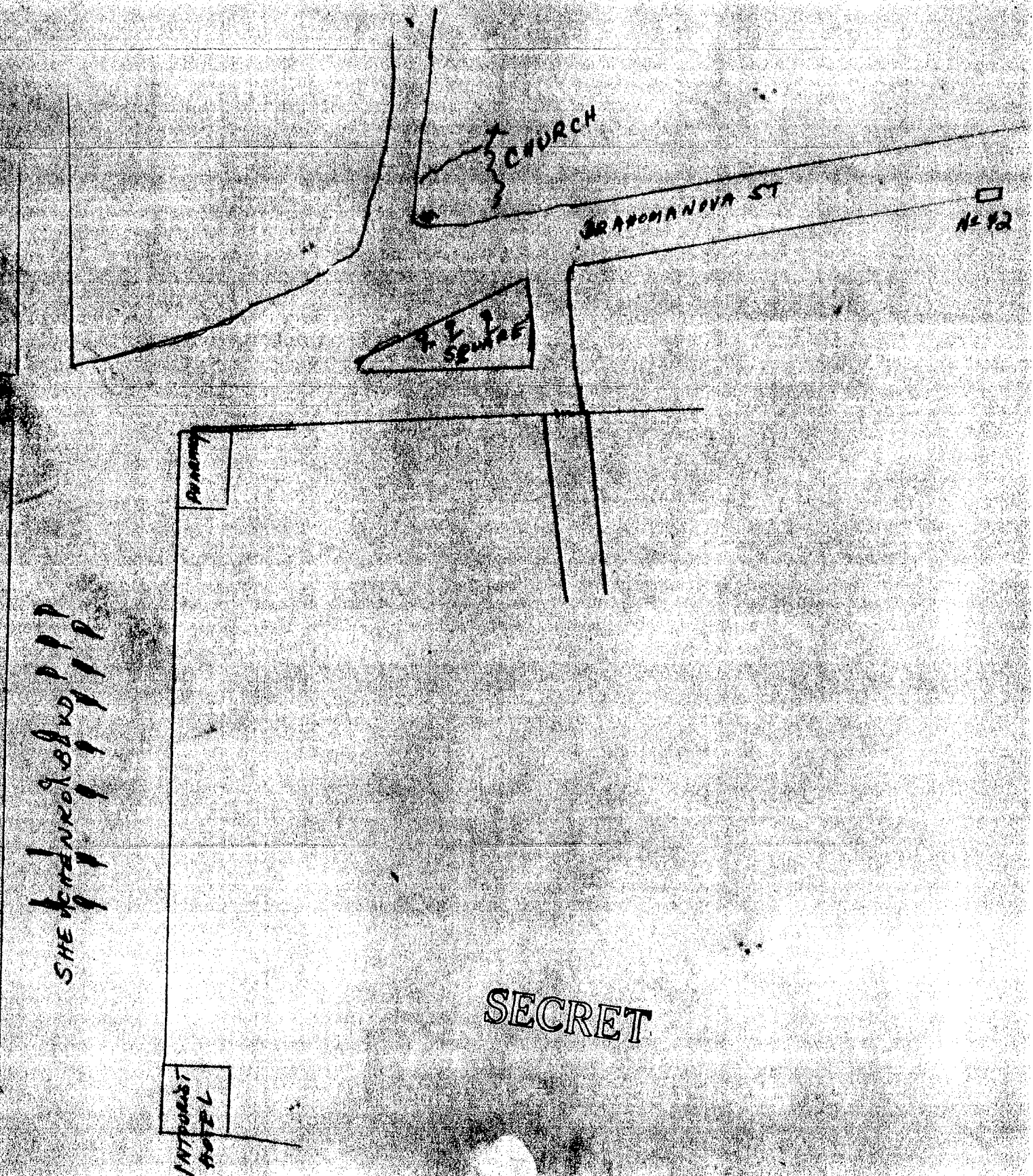
SKETCHES OF MUSEUM OF UZBEKISTAN ART AND
VICINITY MADE BY AGENT/39

SECRET



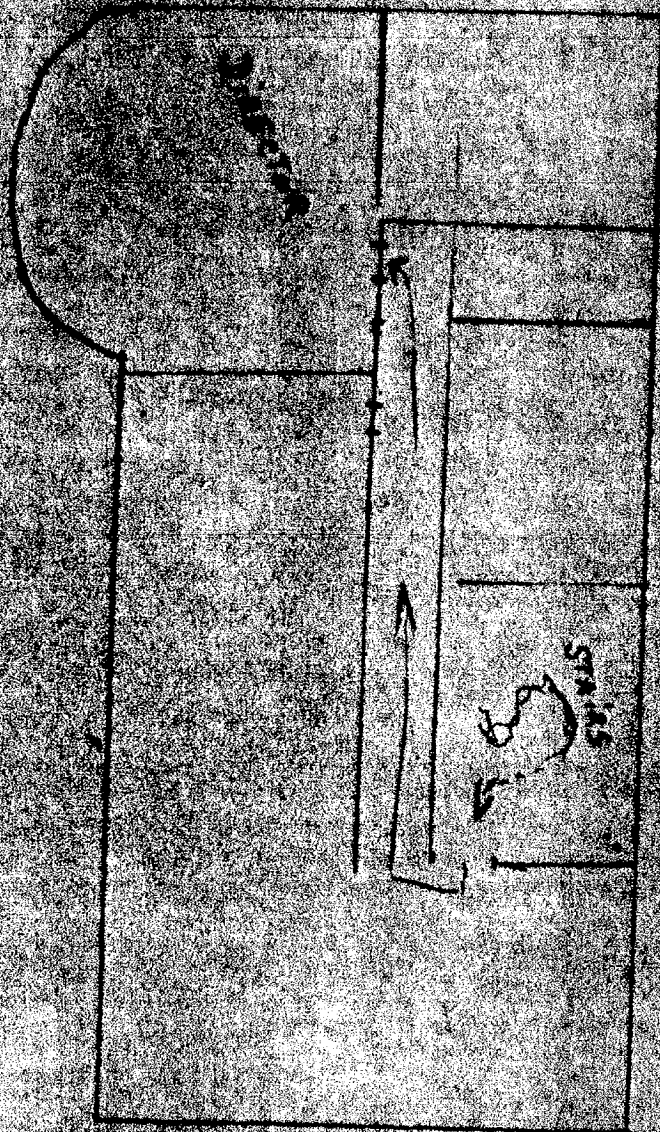
SECRET

SECRET



SECRET

SECOND FLOOR, WITH DIRECTOR'S OFFICE



SECRET

SECRET

ANNEX II

Biographical Information

Stanislaw BIALOWANSKI

Polish; physiologist-entomologist; twenty-nine; approximately 5 feet 9 inches tall; thin; handsome; straight nose; dark hair combed back. Address: 6/14 Solon Street, Apartment 56, Warsaw. Telephone: 30-19-57. Married; his wife is also a physician. He works in Warsaw in a hospital as a cardiologist. He also translates American medical journals into Polish. He had some of these journals at home. His father perished during the war. His mother is alive. He has two children. His apartment is in a new building and consists of two rooms and a kitchen. It was very clean but modestly furnished. He earns 1500 zloty a month. His wife makes the same amount. He wears a good, gray business suit. He complained that he wanted to go to the United States to specialize in entomology but did not receive permission, despite the fact that he had received permission and everything also necessary from the American side. He wondered why he did not get permission because "party members also need medical care." He talked freely, was not afraid, but on the other hand, in his criticism he did not go too far. He is a Polish patriot and a good Catholic. He attends church. He was thoroughly eloquent toward America and wanted very much to go to America to study. He openly expressed his opinion that the West is so advanced that no comparison should be attempted with the Iron Curtain countries. He criticized the deficiencies of the system, particularly that there are not enough trained people and that there are two categories of people in Poland, "people and beasts."

Alm BEROLAHOWA

Interact guide in Kiev. She is tall; thin; blonde; not pretty; Russian. She speaks very little English. She was twenty-five to twenty-eight years old. After the summer there, she expressed the opinion that Soviet men are too soft and tedious should be shot.

SECRET

SECRET

Forty years old; wavy black hair combed back; round face; dark tanned skin; blue eyes; good literary Ukrainian language with Polish accent; very delicate in behavior; about 5 feet 8 inches tall; interested in Ukrainian art abroad.

(Note: This name of the director of the Museum of Ukrainian Art, 42 Independence Street, Kiev was taken from a Soviet Ukrainian paper. The translator could not remember the exact name of the director, said only that it was something ending with "shko.")

YAN KATYUSHKO

Approximately thirty-eight; 5 feet 5 inches tall; black hair with part on side; black eyes; long nose; well-dressed; Jewish. He was a sports referee. He was on the way back from Berlin, where he had attended a meeting. He spoke Russian. Address: 2/4 Avenue Street, Apartment 3, Odessa, D-57. He said that the communist industry should be developed because even East Germany was much better in this respect.

VLADIMIR DRYGALOVICH VOLKOV

About 5 feet 9 inches tall; thirty-eight years old; dark hair combed back; Russian, originally from Novosibirsk; instructor of history of the KPSS at the University in Moscow/Dom. Home address: 223/4 Gerasimov Lane, Apartment 25, Moscow/Dom. His business address was State University, Department of History of KPSS (Kashcheevskaya Street 115, Moscow/Dom. Business telephone: 6-08-04. In Kiev he lived at a house on which there was a sign "off limits". It was probably a hotel for party members. He wanted to know much about America, how much workers earn, and so forth. He was well-read in discussions.

ANATOLI DRYGALOVICH VASILYEV

Kiev.
Employee of the Taras Shevchenko Museum, Shevchenko Boulevard,

TOBYA DRYGALOVICH KATYUSHKO

SECRET

SECRET

-32-

Yasya ILM

About sixty; attendant or janitor of summer restaurant in Bulvarnaya Part in L'vov; father-in-law of Volodymyr VASEROVICH in Manchester, England. He gave the address of his daughter as follows: VASEROVICH, Seven Belinfild Street, Manchester 8, England. He called the Russian SM's. He has rheumatism. He carries 32 rubles a month. He was a sergeant in the old Imperial Austro-Hungarian Army and also a soldier in the Ukrainian Army during and after World War I. He knows some German. Ukrainian. He was a chemist and once had his own shop. He said that he was not afraid because the next they could do to him was to deport him to Siberia, where people were paid better than he was now. He asked us to get in touch with his daughter.

POU RUMILA

Approximately twenty-eight; small, well-built; black hair; pretty. Married; her husband is an engineer. She does not live well with her husband. She is a lawyer, originally from Kiev. She spoke Russian. Address: 10 Arakhsyn Street, Apartment 2, L'vov. Her father had been a colonel in the tsarist army. She invited the traveler to visit her.

Yury Vasylyevich BILIN

About fifty; 5 feet 6 inches tall; black hair combed back; wore a cap. He could not write, signed only his name. He was married and had two children, a boy twelve and a girl thirteen. He was a veteran of the Polish-German War (Polish Army) and received a pension of 16 rubles. He was wounded in the lower part of the back, and his injury affected his walking. He was a typical L'vov proletarian. He played the harmonica and liked the old L'vov songs. He was a Ukrainian. He spoke Ukrainian and Polish. He did not know Russian well. His wife was a janitor, and he worked for the Galvyndborg (Galant Military Administration) in L'vov. He cursed the Russians, that the generals in Galvyndborg did not give good tips. He complained that "they" wanted to evict him from his apartment and put a Russian in there, but he had fought, and they had left him alone. He asked for a harmonica to be sent to him from abroad. Address: 10 Lermontovo Street, Apartment 2, L'vov. A picture is available.

SECRET

SECRET

-13-

Paul FILIP

About sixty; 5 feet 8 inches tall; black, graying hair; longish face; thin; eyes deep-set; wore a hat. He had been a janitor for thirty years at the Museum of Ukrainian Art, 42 Drahomanova Street, Kiev. He lived on the museum premises. He gave paintings of Ukrainian artists in exchange for gifts. His wife was a janitor. She was fat, round tanned face, blue eyes, wrinkled face, wore a scarf on her head. Both were Ukrainians. They accepted gifts.

Stoyan Pavlovych MAKALO

Born 1911; well-built; 5 feet 8 inches tall; blue eyes; red, sunburned face; dark blonde hair; wore a cap; furnace tender. He said he had spent eight years in Siberia and "does not know why." After he was released he finally managed to get a pass to live in Kiev and got work because they needed him for constructions. He had an uncle in America, but did not know his address. He wanted to give his uncle's name. He was interested in how Ukrainians live in America. He gave his address.

Isidella LBU

Twenty years old; 5 feet 7 inches tall; blonde; blue eyes; longish face; good face features; nose very slightly turned up at the end; very well-built; weight about 160 pounds; could be called a beautiful girl. Her husband is an engineer. She lives in Kiev. She knows Shevchenko's poetry. She is proud of her Ukrainian heritage. She is a stewardess for the Soviet Airlines, Kiev-Prague. Ukrainian. Her father is a steel worker in Kiev.

SECRET

SECRET

COMMENTS OF ARASSOWANE/25

ARASSOWANE/29 did not carry out his mission, but considering the situation and circumstances, he had perfectly good reasons. From the very start of his trip, he became almost certain that the authorities knew about his background. The indication by the bell boy in the hotel in Wrocław, Poland, bears witness to this. The difficulties which he had in reporting to the militia in Poland could be considered as another indication that the authorities were trying to prevent him from seeing his brother. This had a bad influence on his morale. He was subject to surveillance. He detected automobile surveillance in Lwow without any doubt, but he could not detect any foot surveillance, which does not exclude the possibility of its existence.

His presence in Lwow was discovered by a woman acquaintance from America who is a programmer and by her son, who had been his good friend previously and who had been imprisoned by the Soviets for many years. The above-mentioned persons did not make any move to approach the traveler, but he could not be certain that he had not been reported.

His camera was stolen from a bathroom in the Kiev hotel, the same day on which he took pictures in the city. Having in view the circumstances and the technique of the robbery, ARASSOWANE/29 suspected that the security service had done the job.

In spite of the above and the pressure under which he worked, the traveler made a good attempt to carry out his main task. He surveyed the area and made several attempts to see his primary contact. He made negotiations with persons who could help him to make the contact. In spite of his efforts he did not succeed. Generally, he acted soundly and did not take desperate steps which would expose his real intentions. He acted in accordance with the instructions and did not try to contact his main target at home while being observed by people. Nor did he do it completely clandestinely late at night, which again might have exposed his clandestine intentions, since it would have been unusual. He did not, for he was not instructed to do so,

SECRET

SECRET

-35-

use intermediaries in transferring the object of contact to the contact. He had an opportunity to do so via the jailer. Having been under pressure to carry out his main task, ABOASOVICH/39 did not attempt to carry out his other task of contacting the young man, Volodymyr Huda. He said that as long as he was in possession of the object of contact, he was not willing to risk anything which could eventually reveal the object and consequently the whole situation.

In general, ABOASOVICH/39 behaved well. He did not want to jeopardize his main task by any suspicious action or political discussions, and so he avoided them. He used his knowledge of the Russian language abundantly. He was free to move wherever he wanted within his planned itinerary. Informant did not limit his movements.

His own reaction to his trip was that it was a difficult job and that perhaps he was not good enough to carry it out. After he completed the trip he was very tired. He said that perhaps he was not professional enough.

As to the overall situation in the Ukraine, ABOASOVICH/39 commented that he found something of the "real" Ukraine and that the Ukraine exists. It is oppressed, but it exists. He said that he did not see the country, only two big cities, which have heavy marks of Russification, particularly Kiev. He felt that in an emergency or if the Soviet empire were to weaken, the Ukrainian forces would rally and show their real strength.

SECRET